

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S



HOSPITAL JOURNAL WAR BULLETIN

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INTERIM.

WHEN it was decided by the Publication Committee that in the event of war the normal Journal would have to close down, the chief reason for the decision was a financial one: the inevitable cancellation of many advertisements and subscriptions—our sole sources of income—would have meant that by further publication we should have incurred a very serious debt. Soon after we had settled down into our present state of life we realised that the Journal must go on in some form or other and in fact had a more important function to fulfil than ever before.

So, after much correspondence and a certain amount of unpleasantness in some quarters, we have evolved our WAR BULLETIN, with representatives in practically every hospital and post in the sector. With regard to these correspondents, we had to appoint them rather hurriedly—though as carefully as possible—in order to receive news in time for our first issue. We recognise that some hospitals may wish to be represented by someone other than we have chosen; if that is so we would be grateful if they would elect their correspondent between themselves and let us know the result. The most important fact we beg them to remember, however, is that a position of authority is by no means a necessary qualification for this post—in fact rather the reverse.

Correspondents from Bart's itself have expressed some indignation that this Journal is not being run with its offices in that

Hospital: obviously our Headquarters will be where our Editorial staff are situated. It should be unnecessary to point out that, for a publication whose object it is to keep scattered Bart's men in touch with one another, the spiritual headquarters will naturally be Bart's.

Narrow-mindedness—after petty officialdom—seems to be the chief danger in our present mode of living. When the rumour spread abroad that people were to be moved in a few weeks' time there was tantamount to a revolution in every hospital. It is a gratifying fact—and a great tribute to the authorities—that practically everybody thinks their own situation absolutely beyond comparison with that of anyone else. None of us want to change our abode just yet, but let us hope that our newsletters will show each and all of us "how the other man is living" and that he is living just as interesting a life as we ourselves.

May we point out that to keep cost of production within reasonable limits we have had to use as cheap material and printing as possible for this number. We crave your indulgence for all its faults and will welcome all criticism, constructive suggestions, correspondence and articles of all kinds.

In conclusion let us state that, come what may, we intend that, like "La Libre Belge" of the last war, this publication shall carry on until the war is over so long as the name of Bart's remains and there are men left who are willing to undertake the production.

SECTOR NEWS.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

16.9.39.

Transition.

THE old Hospital appears to have died and in dying to have given birth to an infant Casualty Clearing Station: which infant, conceived in official obscurity, continues its life in the darkness of the Black-out. We have now grown used to perennial electric-light existence. The transformation of the Medical and Surgical basements has been ingeniously carried out, and this carefully worked out war-time scheme should prove entirely adequate for any emergency. Great credit is due to Dr. Harris and his assistants for this by no means trivial work.

Exceedingly military is the spirit of our organisation, though not entirely free from the remote control of the Ministry of Health. We have a set of H.Q. "Cops" in brand-new "Battle Bowlers," and we talk about closing time at The "Carter" as 2230 hours! We wear brassards round our arms and no longer are we called "gentlemen" or "students", but collectively "Personnel". Former Chiefs and chief assistants have now become M.O.'s and Ph's. i/c., and even second time dressers are N.C.O.'s. The spirit of the men, of course, is splendid. Paradoxically enough, the only military organisation which no longer flourishes is the London University O.T.C., R.A.M.C., which immediately upon outbreak of war has been disbanded without ceremony.

Military our discipline may be, but not so our clothing. Some of us wear old clothes reminiscent of dissecting room days; there is a swaggering profusion of silk squares, and open-neck shirts are popular. We have also seen shorts and sandals, and even a kilt!! Indeed, we heard one member of the nursing staff say she could no longer differentiate between 'students and patients. The nursing staff, on the other hand, are still dressed as usual—neat but not gaudy. The only exceptions are the theatre staff, who dress in almost revolutionary style, shiny green oilskin aprons and daring open necked dresses.

These, we are told, are not a brand-new mode, but merely an adaptation of the old and the *tout ensemble*, with the rolled sleeves and turbaned heads, reminds one somehow of the imposing young women of Russel Flint's Academy annuals.

Sandbagging is still continuing, the latest work being to add three layers of bags over the girders and steel plating in the East Wing as additional protection for theatre "J." The speed of these works has slowed down considerably. There is, it is true, still some desultory volunteering, but on the whole it would seem that the cult of bag-slinging as a health-giving and pleasurable form of exercise is now definitely in abeyance. Maybe it was considered that free beer was far too good a thing to continue for long, or that war duties did not allow of manual labour; at any rate, erstwhile volunteers are now content to leave the work to hospital employees. These last-named gentlemen have a method of getting things done which should lend itself to consideration by reason of its economy of effort. We ourselves, while heaving a bag or two, saw eight of these gentlemen, distributed over two parallel planks laid between the outer wall of President and the kerb of the pavement, propelling sacks over a distance of five yards to the open window, while it required a ninth person to unload the trolley and feed this human elevator.

There has been little opportunity of testing the working of the Casualty Clearing system; with the exception of a few black-out casualties, some of them quite serious, and a much diminished morning out-patient attendance, there has been little to do. It is indeed boring sitting down with nothing to do except talk till all is blue: yet while it is the general feeling that an air-raid would do much to "liven things up" and we could at least justify our existence, we cannot be so lunatic as to hope for one. But at any rate if and when it does come we hope we will be prepared for anything.

P.J.M.

Mill Hill School, N.W.7.

22.9.39.

I think we all felt rather exiled on having to leave Bart's, but from the first warbling siren the general pleasantness of the School and those in it have made these last three weeks memorable for us.

On arrival we were immediately shrouded in a not unpleasant school atmosphere. Portraits of past Mill Hill headmasters frowned on us severely, busts of Virgil and Dante gazed at us with jaundiced eye at our first meal in the School Hall; somewhat awkwardly we read notices on the Headmaster's and monitors' notice boards.

We slept in the Murray Scriptorium, where the Murray dictionary was compiled: many words not to be found in that dictionary were to be heard as we staggered about in the Black-out seeking some sort of bed and making contact with fallen drawing pins.

Sandbagging of course soon came our way: we had to dig our own sand to fill the bags for the first few days. The Nursing Staff turned to with a will, marshalled by our gallant matron, led by our wonderful "Daisy". Walls were built and of course pulled down again; hands were blistered. Our ingenuity was hard taxed for transport: eventually we were helped by friendly lorrymen—and a mad horse

which refused at all costs to back and required a specially trained man to harness and unharness it.

Harrassed by many an encounter and skirmish with George Discombe we have blackened our windows so successfully that seldom now is heard the deep growl of this night wolf at our door.

Dances have been held, with success and free beer, cabarets have been given by Apache dancers, Scottish and Irish lasses; songs of Donegal and the voice of our local crooner have drawn us from the bar. Our cricket team—most of us playing for the first time for five or ten years—scored a great victory over Maudsley Hospital under the inspiring leadership of Mr. Capps. Deeds were done on that day that Mill Hill still talks of: for instance Mr. Capps caught a fine catch by dint of magnificent agility and to the accompaniment of roars of cheers from the pavilion.

Last Wednesday saw our first swimming gala in the home baths, v. Friern; we lost but showed ourselves at home in the water, both with clothes and without.

This is but a mere whisper of the glories of Mill Hill: we hope that many of you will come and see for yourselves and test our skill in some or any form of sport.

R.L.H.

Friern Hospital, N.11.

24.9.39.

OUR activities here are, at the time of writing, just beginning to get well under way. The Hospital is set in its own large ground and has three tennis courts which the authorities have very kindly placed at our disposal. A tennis tournament on "American" lines has been arranged for staff and students and is proving a great success. We have too a cricket field and a match against the male nurses has already been played. We were defeated, but that is a small matter compared with the nature of the cricket played—most delightfully reminiscent of the Village Green. The billiards table is widely used and members of the Staff whom we would have least suspected of having spent much time in ale-houses are displaying a proficiency which

could not otherwise be easily explained. For the most sober-minded, bowls is the game of choice and they can trundle their woods on a lawn in the grounds. An archery club has been formed, while our swimming team recently paid a visit to Mill Hill, returning successful and surprisingly enough sober. There is a very good golf course near us, so it will be realised that our spare time is put to very good use.

On the academic side lectures by members of the Staff have been arranged and proceed with monotonous regularity. They are primarily intended for those about to take their Finals, but there seems to be a most unexpected abundance of earnest seekers after knowledge, of by no means such distinguished status, who occupy the

rear seats and supply answers of every description when the Front Line has cracked. This Hospital is of course known as Colney Hatch. Psychological medicine can be made to sound far less improbable when one sees patients, and Dr. Strauss has thoroughly entertained us with his lecture-demonstrations. In other branches there has been a decided shortage of clinical material, but no doubt Friern is not unique in this respect.

On the whole we are, we think, very

fortunate; most of our activities are communal and all take part in them. One small regret in closing. We have no Bart's nurses. It is hoped that ulterior motives will not be laid at our door if we say, quite openly and frankly, that we miss them very much. Some of us, naturally, are hit harder than others in this direction, and on special behalf of the unfortunates in this category may we express a wish for a speedy re-union?

D.S.C.

London Fever Hospital, N.1

22.9.39.

Islington and Fevers seemed an unhappy combination to some of us way back in the peaceful days of July, but even grimmer when we prepared to take up our abode on Friday, Sept. 1st. But all doubts were dispelled by the extremely hospitable welcome of the M.O. who announced that he had taken off his tie for the duration.

Removing all our upper garments therefore we rushed out into the hot sun and began joyfully sandbagging the Hospital. Sand and bags in lorries and all manner of vehicles roared in through the gates day and night. Later mercifully they sent us filled sandbags. 20,000 were put up in a week, say the modest, 100,000 say others, feelingly. Anyhow we have our strongholds—"Arcadia Villa", built with incredible eagerness—some think for social reasons, others as an emergency exit—, also the Maginot Line, the Poplars and Tin Pan Alley.

There are seventeen of us here in all. In one of the darkest black-outs last week R. S. H.—n encountered a Post Office van at speed and passed beneath. Anxious about his precise position with relation to the back wheels he hailed the driver in a loud voice requesting him to stop. A sympathetic crowd and a W.R. announced their intention of escorting him to hospital, but, on learning that he actually belonged to one, dissolved into the blackness in true British

embarrassment. We are glad to say he made his way back under his own steam.

A slight misunderstanding of the King's English on the part of "Balderdash"—or "Fifty seven different varieties"—and an extravagant desire for exercise precipitated J. F. L.—y from a 30 ft. high balcony. By clutching a rope and stripping the skin, superficial fascia and some muscle tissue from his hands, he was able to take the impact on his feet and not on his cranium. He also returned under his own steam.

A piece of animated bronze in the band provides purely æsthetic appeal at the local, but other forms of relaxation have been enjoyed.

T. L.—n, we note, sports a khaki shirt decorated with odd pieces of lace. They say the neck of his pyjamas is lined with swan's down.

As in many other parts, rumours come often and spread rapidly. Occasionally we look out of our haven at the world outside and see the three gods of war, corruption, incompetence and ambition rear their ugly heads. It seems that gentlemen's agreements are no longer valid simply because we have not been bombed yet.

Having dug in well we should hate to be moved. We should like to see more patients than we do, though; there must be some sick somewhere.

G.D.G.

CLOAKROOM ATTENDANTS.

We are sorry to have to lose Fred, John and Herbert who have given years of attentive and cheerful service to many hundreds of students at Bart's. We hope that when

this war is finished we shall see them back at their usual posts.

A subscription has been started to give them a parting present as an appreciation of their excellent work.

Advertisements.

Advertisements are warmly invited for this publication. Any enquiries as to cost should be addressed to: *The Manager, The*

St. Bartholomew's Hospital Journal War Bulletin, London Fever Hospital, Islington, N.1.

St. Mark's Hospital, City Road, E.C.1.

22.9.39.

WE are a small colony here; our M.O. in charge is Dr. C. E. Dukes and our other resident Dr. Eisenhammer. There are in theory four of us from Bart's, but in fact only three; what has become of the fourth we have no idea—but there is something that looks like a bill waiting for him, so perhaps that may account for it.

* * *

Dr. Dukes and Dr. Eisenhammer have given us a short and very interesting course of lectures on the Pathology and Surgery of diseases of the large intestine and rectum, which some of those at the Royal Chest Hospital also attended. We have also had the benefit of an extremely fine museum collection of specimens illustrating these diseases.

* * *

Outpatients' clinics have been held in the afternoons three times a week for the last fortnight or so: the use of highly coloured antiseptic dyes in the treatment of pruritus ani reminds us of Wodehouse's remark, originally made about baboons, but equally applicable to these patients, that they

wear their club colours in the wrong place!

It has also been said of a distinguished visiting surgeon to this hospital, well known at Bart's, whose name is both N— and M—, and who has specialised in operations for prolapse of the rectum, that he knows that organ inside out.

* * *

On Saturday, September 9th, the Chest Hospital kindly invited us to an exhibition of silent (*sic*) films: on the 16th we gave a short concert to the nursing staff, the *pièces de resistance* of which were saxophone solos by Dr. Dukes. On the 23rd Matron and the Nursing Staff invited us to a dance in the nurses' common room which we very much enjoyed. We are hoping to follow this up by a Ping-Pong tournament and a Darts match.

* * *

Finally, we have to thank Matron and the Staff for making our life here a very comfortable and enjoyable one. In return for this we are endeavouring to increase the security and stability of the hospital.

F.J.L.

First Aid Post, Bishopsgate Institute, E.C.2.

18.9.39.

We occupy several large rooms in the basement of the Institute. Shelves of books cover the walls and pour forth volumes of dust on to everything at the slightest provocation. We had rather desperate work for the first days of war as, hourly expecting raids, we tried to distribute medical supplies for use and at the same time keep them clean with dust sheets. To make matters worse the workmen had to turn off the water for urgent alterations: so we had to store our water in the dust-bins supplied for the decontamination depot. Our only way of obtaining hot water was to heat one of these on a primus.

After boiling Spencer Wells and forceps, we gaily placed our instruments in spirit: twenty-four hours later slowly growing rings of rust appeared on most of them. Someone suggested adding a pinch of soda bic. to the spirit. This seems to have stopped the rot.

Our sister in charge has made a name in the City which commands attention and this

fact made things a little easier during the early days. Once she commandeered a lorry and descended on Bart's, intent on plunder. The full shock of her raid was taken by the Surgery. Desks, cupboards, medicines, disinfectants, dressings and screens were seized and loaded on to the lorry. Miss B— launched a powerful counter-offensive. But we got our supplies. Our M.O. is an old campaigner and he too considers that a big thing in war is to be an adept at "requisitioning things." So the post is getting quite well equipped. . . .

Time passes slowly now when we are off duty. We have no comforts such as arm-chairs, though we are lucky in having a reading room upstairs where we can work. We also play billiards at the nearby Police Hospital occasionally.

At the moment we are wondering how we are going to keep warm down here when the cold weather comes. But perhaps we shall be moved before Winter.

A.F.B.

Royal Northern Hospital, N.7.

23.9.39.

A glance at the official air-raid shelter, thoughtfully constructed round a nucleus of water-pipes and gas-mains, led to our erecting more stable quarters under the energetic leadership of Weymouth. We built walls by the Hospital in a few hours which have taken a band of workers as many days to demolish.

Since then we have led the lives of comparative gentlemen. We have had alarms and we have had excursions, but it would be more polite to talk about the former. We nearly missed one raid because our local sirenist had fallen off his bicycle; but the wakeful G—— saved us amidst universal disapproval.

There have been fire practices and there have been air-raid practices and, so far as we can tell, we are ready for anything—even the seemingly remote possibility of “the arrow that flieth by night” or its modern version.

Until then we have our amusements.

There is always the “Cock” and some of us (“God help us all”, said Tiny Tim) our Finals for which we are hopefully taking single tickets, though doubtless cheap day returns would be an advisable economic precaution.

* * *

Pondering on “Cause and Effect” we see Mr. P—— crossing the Holloway Road in his dressing gown to buy the Daily Mirror. No doubt his dress fits his taste.

* * *

Organised clinical instruction apace: we, personally, spent a most instructive morning lifting old men on and off bed-pans.

* * *

Don Juan appears disguised as many perfectly innocent members of the community.

* * *

Some of our number take their A.R.P. duties very seriously: Mr. C—— is to be found at all hours of the night looking out for aeroplanes from the roof. C.B.

First Aid Station, Chartered Insurance Institute, E.C.2.

22.9.39.

Here is an account written under a shadow: all Bart's men are to leave the post. A new arrangement (we have our own word for it) removes the students from the city posts and leaves the first-aid workers to tackle what horrors may be in store for them.

There are nine of us: G. C. N. Acres; J. D. Cronin; R. A. Shooter; A. Dudley Payne; A. S. Playfair; T. E. L. J. McNair; J. R. O'Brien; D. O'Callaghan and G. Canti. We have helped to organise this place and now are sorry to have to leave it.

Imagine a beautiful new five-storey building, modelled on the halls of the old London Guilds and furnished with all the resources, riches and stained glass the Insurance world can afford. Sleeping quarters are set up on the fourth floor, wide rooms with a sun-bathed balcony and hired wireless. The first floor holds our “study”:—a collection of “Esquires” and ash-trays set aside for those who are preparing for their finals. The theory of this is delightful, but the distinction between a study group and a raconteur and debating society is every day growing smaller. Only O'C——n

manages to keep his face consistently buried in his books. P——r and C——n keep him company. The three leave for Birmingham for conjoint finals in a few days. (Birmingham!).

Right down in the sandbagged basement a large parquet floored hall forms the treatment centre. All our swabs, splints, syringes and solutions are there ready. A few patients have wandered in, attracted by the “First Aid Post” notices at the door. But they are unimpressive: twisted ankles, blue fingers, dysmenorrhea, P.U.O., fibrinous pleurisy and a crop of mysterious papules have been our only cases.

Time hangs heavy and we are left to study each other's idiosyncracies. S——r, who insists on a fresh rose daily for his lapel, discusses hopper closets with our liaison officer. O'C——n scorns the Government mattress and has set up a voluptuous luxury bed with sheets and quilting and other full equipment. Acres spends all his nights out and always takes a gas mask with him. O'B——n, dashing heartily about in shorts, is forever filling sandbags and sleeps on the balcony.

P—r has acquired some pleasant notoriety with the women here by reading their palms, which he does very earnestly. Mc N—r thinks himself "hard done by" and studies the music of the Strand Palace Hotel. C—n drinks pints of iced water, complaining bitterly that he is becoming repressed, but no observer can believe him. C—i ("such a nice, handsome boy" say the women) smokes his pipe, looking amazingly like the caterpillar on the mushroom of Alice in Wonderland. He joins P—e in maintaining a quiet observation with serene detachment on our lives.

We have a Bart's nurse to assist us (Bart's *Rochester*, however) and she has helped matters a lot by calling us all "Doctor" in front of the first-aid workers. We show our gratitude by addressing her as "Sister" (Sister Air Raids). Several of us have lectured to the staff on gas, anatomy and hæmorrhage.

And thus all is prepared. Lack of accommodation still forces us to have our meals in the Female Decontamination Room, but since we have all ceased to believe that we shall ever be raided, no one cares.

A.S.P.

Queen's College, Cambridge,

23.9.39.

We assembled here on Monday, Sept. 18th, to find a strange world. Overnight we have been given a whole college in which to work, eat and play. A certain shortage of food has happily been remedied and we are gradually finding means of obtaining such luxuries as hot water for shaving. But we are all grumbling at the price—three guineas a week—for the honour, as someone put it, of sleeping on the floor and walking across a cold court yard for the necessities. That is putting things at their worst.

Everyone now has at least a mattress to sleep on and those who are in the new block have now hot and cold water laid on! The best news we have had so far is that the Journal is continuing in the form of

a "broadsheet". We are hoping to have games in full swing by the beginning of October and get some sort of unofficial Students' Union under way. We are also hoping that when Cambridge term begins we shall be able to organise our sports in co-operation with Queen's men. Those we have met have been very courteous and friendly and done much to lighten our hardships.

OUR PRE-CLINICAL CORRESPONDENT.

(Lack of space, the fact that we have not been able to get in touch with certain correspondents and some dilatoriness on the part of others, have prevented us from publishing news from every hospital and post. Those who have been omitted will be given full space in our next issue).

BART'S IN THE WAR OF 1939.

BY SIR GIRLING BALL, F.R.C.S.

IT seems well that there should be kept some record of the happenings to the Medical College of St. Bartholomew's during the War. For the first time it has had to be removed outside the Hospital, although we have been able to keep a small nucleus of students still within its walls. It was the will of the University of London that its constituent Colleges should be moved into safer housing. In our case the clinical students have been distributed throughout the Sector, of which St. Bartholomew's is the key Hospital; while the Pre-clinical students have gone to Queen's College, Cambridge. Before they were dispersed it was a remarkable sight to watch students barricading the Hospital with sandbags;

it was indeed a noble effort on their part and the Hospital Authorities are extremely grateful for what they have done.

The Clinical students, other than those remaining at St. Bartholomew's, have now been distributed in the following Institutions:— St. Mark's and The Royal Chest in the City Road; the London Fever Hospital in Islington; the Friern at Southgate; Mill Hill "Hospital"; Hill End, St. Albans; the Wellhouse Hospital, Barnet, Luton and Dunstable Hospital, and the Luton P.A.I. Hospital. In each of these Institutions they are performing a variety of functions, as they are exempted from their medical training for a period of three months from the outbreak of War. How-

ever, such is the nature of the War that this alone has been insufficient to keep them occupied and every endeavour is being made to give a certain amount of teaching during this period. It is a matter of much gratification to the College Authorities that their teachers have so far willingly undertaken to give this training and, in Institutions to which no Members of the Bart's Staff are attached, the Medical Officers of those Institutions have joined in the fray. By the 1st December it is hoped to have the normal teaching of the students completely organised, always provided that there are patients within the walls of the various Hospitals. It is hoped that it will be possible to give further information on this point in about a month. It may, and probably will, be necessary to collect the students into larger Units, viz: at the Friern and Hill End Hospitals, to which the majority of the Bart's Staff are attached. If this is done the students in their earlier years will be collected at Hill End and those in their later years at Friern. It may be impossible to do this as the housing question is a distinct problem. So far organised classes for the Final Examinations have already started and Preliminary Classes for the incoming students will be commenced from the 1st October. The Maternity Service exists in embryo and arrangements have already been made for teaching in the Special Departments. The students' collection of the Museum has been removed to Hill End and we are making arrangements to fix up some teaching rooms there.

In the Pre-clinical years there are difficulties with regard to the expensive method of living which has been devised by the authorities of Queens' College, Cambridge. Cambridge is so full of all varieties of students that it is almost impossible to find rooms outside the walls of the College. Moreover, Bart's has made a bargain with Queen's College to maintain a certain number of students within its walls and it is up to us to try and maintain this bargain. Every effort is being made to reduce the cost to the students.

At the same time it must be remembered that the pre-clinical course has been shortened by half a year and thus the total cost of living during that period will almost equal the cost in normal time. Further,

during the clinical period the period will be greatly reduced if the existing system of billeting is still in being.

With regard to the examinations, the Conjoint Board has arranged that the examination in Anatomy and Physiology can be taken after forty-six weeks, spread out over a period of one year, and the University of London has followed suit. Further, the Final examination at the Conjoint Board can be taken after thirty months and the London M.B. after thirty-six.

It is a matter of regret that the Students' Union is unable to use its ground at Chislehurst, but efforts are being made to avoid any serious damage by the Army authorities, who now occupy it. At Cambridge the students will have the use of the Queen's College ground, while in most of the Hospitals in the Sector there are facilities which will enable the students to keep up their athletic activities. It is hoped that they will endeavour to get teams together during the winter months to play other teams in the neighbourhood.

It is well recognised that students are living in unusual and sometimes uncomfortable surroundings; with this everybody will sympathise, but it must be remembered that they are doing their share in helping the country and that they must make every effort to get themselves qualified at as early a date as possible. They have some consolation in knowing that the members of the teaching staff are suffering similar discomforts. It is a matter of much satisfaction to find that the students are knocking down to their job in an admirable manner, no doubt realising that in order to keep our old school going and to maintain the reputation of the past, we have got to stick together and thus avoid the collapse which is always possible if every effort is not made by all concerned. The students can rest assured that the College authorities on their side will do their best to see proper facilities are provided, so far as can be reasonably expected, to enable them to carry on their work and to render their temporary home as near as possible equal to the old one.

There is just one more point that we must bear in mind, and that is to wish those who have gone off into the Services the best of good luck and a safe return to their native country.

Time and Christ did meet one another
 Where the road nears the old green pond
 And the three brown larks are hung from
 the sky;
 (Time was an old man then,
 Older than God himself).
 They sat in the deep green grass
 Under the shade of the aspen tree,
 And saw how their ways had crossed.
 God had come on the dusty track
 From the Gasworks Lane which leads up
 from the town,

Now he was seeing the hills again
 And clouds in the sky and birds in the air.
 Time was reaching the new-built place
 Where the joyless people live.
 Then both got up and went on their ways
 While the aspen leaves waved their white
 sides
 To silver headed Time,
 And green to the man who turned to the
 hills.

BOOK REVIEW.

Treatment of War Wounds and Fractures.

B/ J. TRUETA, M.D. (Hamish Hamilton Medical Books). price 8s. 6d.

This extremely interesting book has been written by a surgeon who has had three years' experience of war fractures in the Spanish civil war as director of Surgery in the Catalunya Hospital, Barcelona.

Briefly his method follows and enlarges upon Winnet Orr's closed method for treating compound fractures. Rapid, properly planned and boldly executed surgery is carried out at the casualty hospital within a very short time of injury. After débridement of the wound the fracture is reduced and a whole plaster applied maintaining reduction and complete immobilisation of bone and tissues. This is in accordance with sound pathological and surgical principles.

Three factors of modern war induced him to investigate this line of treatment: the great mass of civilian casualties in proportion to the available surgical assistance; the short interval elapsing between injury and hospital treatment (18 minutes in some Barcelona air raids); and finally the necessity for evacuation of patients within a short time to base hospitals in safe areas. Early excision reduced to a great extent the risk of widespread infection, shortened

the period of shock and eliminated reactionary hæmorrhage. The application of plaster diminishes the pain and allows the patient to be transported in comfort, while the absolute immobility of the tissues promoted early healing. Rapid, efficient classification and good surgical teamwork were essential for success.

His results are striking: out of a series of 1,073 mixed open fractures, in 90% there was a satisfactory result, in 9% a bad result, and only 6 deaths. The criticism levelled against these results that gas-gangrene organisms must be absent from Spanish cities does not seem fair when one recalls the pre-war reputation of these streets for being plentifully supplied with dung; but it is fair to say that if gas-gangrene does develop beneath the plaster, the danger to the patient is increased immeasurably. The author has made out a very good case for his technique; and it is hoped that it will be given a trial in our casualty clearing hospitals.

The layout, design and photographs are excellent, the style lucid. The chief objection is that the technique of plastering a gross laceration of a limb is dismissed too summarily. One hundred and thirty seven pages, the book is well worth its price and ought to be read by all.

Photographic Competition No. 1.

A prize of 7/6 is offered for the photograph which gives the best impression of: "Sandbagging."

Entries should be addressed to: *The Editor, St. Bartholomew's Hospital Journal War*

Bulletin, London Fever Hospital, Islington, N.1. and marked "Photographic Competition" in the top left hand corner. The Editor's decision is final. Entries should be received not later than Oct. 15th.

THE ROOT OF THE TROUBLE.

BY AN EX-GERMAN.

NOW that the war has begun, the chain of events which started several years ago has been completed and I cannot help thinking of some of the real causes lying behind the concrete facts which we know so well.

Fundamentally, it seems to me, the explanation lies in the outlook of the German people which has been brought to its present level by the misinterpretation and purposeful omission of historical facts over a long period of time—this coupled with the native disposition of German youth, hazy, romantic and unstable, utterly void of historical judgement and common sense.

For many years before the Great War, every school child was taught that Germany was the greatest, most scientific and most cultured country in the world. "Kultur" was a conception peculiar to Germany, widely separated from the mere culture of other countries. German industry, German writers, German wine, women and song, were far superior to anything any other country could produce. For this reason, they were told, the rest of the world found it necessary to encircle and crush Germany. Thus happened the War of 1914—1918.

Although the government fell in 1918 and a democracy was established, the new Germany never had the heart to break with the old; this was the greatest calamity of our time. Instead of completely rejecting the cult of militarism and Prussian bullying which had brought about their defeat, the youth of the country were fed perennially with the glorious feats of Frederick II. of Prussia, who invaded all neighbouring countries and waged the Seven Years' War with Austria. The other hero of young Germany was Count Bismarck, whose forty years' policy of intrigue, pacts and counter-pacts they were taught to applaud as admirable diplomacy. Never was there any question of morality. To break a treaty at a convenient moment was acclaimed as an act of great statesmanship; to wage a war for territorial gains was perfectly justified and any suffering produced was considered of very minor importance. Might was right and the strongest must win.

The invasion of Belgium was never mentioned by history books or school teachers

as a breach of treaty: on the contrary "Perfidious Albion" treacherously declared war on Germany under the pretext that they had infringed neutrality. The savage occupation of Belgium was a military necessity, but the occupation of the Ruhr by France an act of brutality without equal.

Year by year up to the present day the injustice of the Treaty of Versailles was hammered relentlessly into the heads of millions of German children. No one ever suggested what peace proposals Germany would have made if she had been victorious.

There was a crazy teaching about superior and inferior races: the Czechs of course belonged to the latter category and the "lousy Poles" ("Polacken") were entirely beneath contempt. The French were a semi-negroid, decadent, syphilitic nation with a steadily declining birth-rate.

The Germans however, were the descendants of the Teutons and this god were Odin, Thor and Baldur: they would regain their place in the world as super-men, heroes, giants of courage, strength and fortitude.

It was this intense feeling of being wronged by the whole world, mingled with the worship of force, a singular lack of critical judgement as to world wants and historical facts, which laid such a fruitful soil for the teachings of Hitler.

It must be added that many German liberals who detested Hitlerism fell into the common error or reverencing all those who had given Germany the name of "Big Bully" throughout the world.

The lesson for the future is to see that when peace comes the people of countries who worship force are taught to recognise it for its true worth and in its true colours. Future generations of German children must at all costs be educated in a completely new way so that the fatal error of the last post-war period is avoided. History books will have to be re-written to show the truth of the past and the real spirit of liberty taught anew: they may then follow the path of other nations. Final peace will not be attained until the idea of democratic liberty associated with peace has pervaded the whole German people.

EXCERPTS.

REMUNERATION OF EMERGENCY MEDICAL SERVICES.

Dr. ELLIOTT replied . . . that with regard to medical students, he understood that in general they were most willing to assist in the treatment of casualties. He could not believe that they wished to profit by the circumstances of war.

B.M.J., Sept. 23rd.

* * *

There is something comforting to the inactive in the retort of the man of letters who being asked why he was not at the front trying to save civilisation replied, "I am part of the civilisation they are trying to save."

DESMOND MCCARTHY,
New Statesman and Nation,
Sept. 23rd.

GERMANY BEAT POLAND IN CHESS CONGRESS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Buenos Aires, Sept. 20.
The German team have won the Hamilton Russell Chess Cup with 36 points, beating Poland by half a point.

The Times, Sept. 22nd.

* * *

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and
Noes,
But Right or Left as strikes the Player
goes;
And He that toss'd Thee down into the
Field,
He knows about it all—HE knows—HE
knows!

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám (stanza 50).
Translated by Edward Fitzgerald.

* * *

STOP PRESS.

War Communiqué No. 1.

(With apologies to Nat Gubbins).

SOMEWHERE IN LONDON, Sept. 24th.

A bright moonlight night. In the early evening an intensive movement was carried out at the "Pied Bull," general mopping-up operations taking place. The report of celebrations at the Royal Breast Hospital led to a reconnaissance raid. Considerable opposition was met with but several beds were attacked. The enemy carried out an encircling movement on our troops who were forced to retire in good order. The rest of the night passed fairly quietly and the spirit of the troops was excellent.

SPORTS NEWS.

CRICKET.

Tour in Somerset and Devon,
Aug. 14—19, 1939.

FOR various reasons our usual tour in the West Country was much curtailed, with the result that only two matches were played. For all that, a good time was had by all, and in no small measure was this due to the very great kindness shown to the team by Mr. and Mrs. Drake and their family, who thought nothing (we hope!) of having nine extra to supper!

First Match. v. Somerset Stragglers at Taunton.

An unfortunate injury to Grant, our most reliable batsman, may have had something to do with the sorry display given by the Hospital in their first innings. North, however, played an excellent innings, scoring his runs in rather under half an hour. Wells-Cole and Davey were the only others to reach double figures, the latter batting patiently in a determined effort to prevent a complete collapse. But in vain; the remaining wickets put on very few runs so that, on a true wicket, we were all out for 101. The Stragglers soon passed this score,

and in spite of some really good bowling from Denham, who took 7 for 81, led us by 170.

Our second innings, begun on the evening of the first day, started disastrously, with Lucey, Wells-Cole and North out for 16 runs. Howell's wicket fell early next morning, and then Maidlow and Grant put on an invaluable 38 runs before Maidlow was bowled. Brown who came in next shared with Grant in a stand of 167, which entirely altered the complexion of things. Brown batted beautifully in playing his best innings for the Hospital this year. Grant was at his best and gave further proof that he is the best bat the Hospital has had for some time. It is a great pity that the War has prevented him from reaching the goal of 1,000 runs in a season for the Hospital which otherwise he undoubtedly would have done.

The innings closed at 283, and this left the Stragglers 114 to get. Thanks to some steady bowling and keen fielding, we had 8 of their wickets down before they won; and so what had looked like being a walk-over for them turned into an exciting finish.

A most enjoyable match.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
R. N. Grant, b Hood	8	G. H. Well-Cole, b Lock	7
D. J. A. Brown, b Hood	3	J. F. Lucey, c Denton,	
J. North, c Stevenson,		b Stevenson	1
b Hood	40	J. North, b Lock	3
W. M. Maidlow, b Hood	0	D. R. S. Howell, c Mar-	
G. H. Wells-Cole, run		shall, b Hood	1
out	13	W. M. Maidlow, b	
P. J. Davey, st. Mar-		Stevenson	21
shall, b Mermagen	13	R. N. Grant, b Hood	106
E. H. Denham, c Aet-		W. J. A. Brown, b	
cher, b Stevenson	2	Hingley	89
D. R. S. Howell, lbw		P. J. Davey, c Aetcher,	
b Stevenson	0	b Stevenson	12
J. J. Pritchard, not out	3	D. Jackson, c Aetcher,	
J. F. Lucey, c Marshall,		b Hood	23
b Stevenson	4	E. H. Denham, not out	2
Extras	15	J. J. Pritchard, b Hood	8
		Extras	10
Total	101	Total	233

SOMERSET STRAGGLERS.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
L. G. H. Hingley, st		L. G. H. Hingley, run	
North, b Denham	52	out	21
H. S. Denton, b Lucey	29	H. S. Denton, c North,	
P. Mermagen, c North,		b Grant	8
b Denham	16	P. Mermagen, b Lucey,	1
J. A. Pateman, c North,		J. A. Pateman, c North,	
b Denham	17	b Lucey	18
G. C. Fletcher, lbw, b		R. V. Stanbury, b Lucey	0
Denham	13	A. G. Marshall, lbw, b	
R. V. Stanbury, c North,		Davey	32
b Denham	22	G. C. Fletcher, not out	20
A. G. Marshall, run out	64	A. S. Bligh, c Maidlow,	
A. S. Bligh, lbw, b		b Denham	6
Wells-Cole	28	M. E. Lock, c and b	
N. E. Lock, c Maidlow,		Denham	3
b Denham	1	F. W. Stevenson, not	
F. W. Stevenson, c and		out	5
b Denham	8	E. H. M. Hood, did not	
E. H. M. Hood, not out	1	bat	—
Extras	20	Extras	4
Total	271	Total for 8 Wickets	118

Second Match. v. Seaton at Seaton.

After two so-called "blank" days, when several of the team demonstrated effectively their inability to (a) play golf, and (b) take the "rough" with the "smooth," the side finished the tour with a rapid and convincing win over Seaton. In fact the game was over in one day, the second being devoted to a pick-up game, in which ten men described as "Odds" played havoc with the efforts of ten others, known as "Willies." Or was it the other way round?

Seaton batted first, and, owing to the fact that they were two short, Howell was loaned to them for the duration. It was chiefly owing to his carrying his bat for a stout 35 that Seaton managed to reach their total of 104.

When the Hospital batted things did not go too well at first, four wickets being down for 41. Grant had batted well, and then Brown and Davey, and later Davey and Wells-Cole, pulled the game round with stands of 44 and 79. Davey hit very hard and his hundred included ten 4's and three 6's. Denham continued the good work, a

last wicket stand between him and Pritchard realising 23, of which Pritchard scored 18 in three 4's and a 6.

In their second innings, Seaton failed to reach even their innings total, only Allen, Knight and Hamilton staying long. Thus we won by an innings and 69 runs.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
R. N. Grant, b Smith	23	A. J. H. Spafford, b	
J. F. Lucey, c Howell,		Knight	1
b Smith	4	E. H. Denham, not out	36
J. North, lbw, b Smith	3	J. J. Pritchard, lbw, b	
W. M. Maidlow, c	3	Hart	18
Knight, b Hart	3	Extras	24
D. J. A. Brown, b Allen	18		
P. J. Davey, b Smith	100		
G. M. Wells-Cole, b			
Hart	26	Total	256

SEATON.

1st Innings.	2nd Innings.
Total 104	Total 83

HOCKEY.

A Hockey Squad has been marshalled. A weirdly dressed horde has twice now descended on Charterhouse green and joined battle in a melée of sticks. It is believed that a good time and healthful exercise was had by all. The opposing teams were "We" and "Them". It is not recorded who won.

It is intended later on to organise some serious matches with outside opponents.

It is notable that most of the members of the former first and second hockey teams are either at Bart's or City First Aid Posts.

Members of both Senior and Junior Staffs are cordially invited to play.

SOCCER.

It is proposed that games of soccer should be played on Saturday afternoons, either between hospital men, or against outside teams if possible. Grounds are available. Will anyone interested communicate with: A. Maples, Isolation Hospital, Coppett's Road, Muswell Hill, N.10.

Marriages.

BULL—BUTCHART.—On September 8th at St. Alban-The-Martyr, London, Maxwell Marsden, only son of the late Mr. H. Marsden Bull and of Mrs. Bull, Oswestry, Shropshire, to Catherine McKenzie, eldest daughter of Lt.-Col. H. J. Butchart, D.S.O., and Mrs. Butchart, Don House, Old Aberdeen.

CAPPER—CLARKE.—On September 7th, 1939, very quietly, at Tiverton, Devon, William Melville Capper, to Edith May Clarke.

HARMER—HIGGS-WALKER.—On Saturday, September 23rd, 1939, at St. Nicholas Church, Sevenoaks, Michael Hedley Harmer, M.B., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Harmer, of 9, Park Crescent, W.1, to Bridget Jean, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Higgs-Walker, of School House, Sevenoaks.

PHILLIPS—REDDING.—On 12th September the wedding of Basil Montagu, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Phillips, of 2, Spring Mansions, N.W.6, and Sheila Monica, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Redding, of Bournemouth, took place quietly at St. Bartholomews-the-Less.